

I was walking down the road  
Of broken dreams  
Where leaves piled up to  
From a lonely hill  
Street signs hanging  
With names of people long forgotten by the living  
Some things were never meant to be

I was walking down  
The road of broken dreams  
And came an old man saying  
There's a way outta here  
"Walk after, go after, run after  
Where the children play"  
And then I understood  
Oh... oh... ohhhh  
It's somewhere

Every way is gone  
And I'm out here on my own  
And life's saying never  
To dreams that I never knew  
And all that I can see  
Are birds that are so free  
While they fly

And I lay down  
While I pray that there could be  
Another view of seeing things  
And remember the old man saying  
"Walk after, go after, run after  
Where the children play"  
And I shook my head  
Oh... oh... ohhhh  
It's somewhere (somewhere)